

**L.A.O.****"Nine Months Of Distance An Odometer Can't Read"**

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This morning I held the meaning between these  
calloused paws.  
The honesty of it all.  
This morning I woke up healing, humbled by what I saw.  
The honesty of it all.

Words are the walls not what they hold inside  
bend around the structure, lean behind cotton masks  
holding babies who will never see it all with such  
little eyes never close them, let them soar and burn  
and tear until

This morning I held the meaning between these  
calloused paws.  
The honesty of it all.  
This morning I woke up healing, humbled by what I saw.  
The honesty of it all.

That tired fear ticking too fast to realize,  
Just try to catch your breath keep dancing with the  
pulse rise.  
Language is far too weak, sloppy, and thin  
the music is good todd but it will never be as real as  
this  
So vulnerable. So innocent. So human.

This morning I held tod's baby, between theses  
calloused paws,  
The honesty of it all.

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